

After this manner:- I must tell you prayer is made on the pattern of the Lord's prayer. I will let you see to study our pattern. A man is told by his father to make a new robe pattern. Before him: he sits on his heels, looks at the pattern as in blue & white, the borders in red & yellow; the ground in green; he notices the shapes how one shape fits into the other, how the pieces of ground in each part - & hold the shapes - show the border fits - round every pattern like a piece of ground a picture. He has it by heart - you may take the robe away - he takes his scissors & cuts shape after shape & fits patterns after pattern without any guide but his measure & his eye. His pattern may not be exactly like those of the robe he had before nor exactly like each other; but he has the picture of the robe in his mind's eye for it that when he has finished his work the robe will be as good as new. The pattern robe is the Lord's prayer; your prayer must be a fair copy of the same colours, the same shapes.

The "Our Father" is our only prayer you say, for that would come into a man's heart to say if he had never been taught. If you think so, you have not looked well at your pattern. You may commit it to memory quickly, but it takes long to learn it by heart & many will cut his nose against his heels & many a time hope to have learned it & yet not. Then may the Spirit of God come in our hearts, & we shall know it is what we need, & know what to do.

Small Island
Pan Larens

his father's name
bearing the John Lawrence

Barley Boyhood.

"A soldier I was born, & a soldier I died"
said John Lawrence when he got the
news that he had got a Civil Appointment
in India. It was true enough; he did belong
to a family of soldiers. His father, an
orphan lad in the care of his sisters, went
off in his seventeenth year as a volunteer
to India. He got what he was for - hard
fighting, hard living, many wounds, small
wounds. He had fought in half a score of
battles before the storming of Seringapatam.
But his courage was still as hot as when he
ran away from Coleraine to see fighting in
India. On May 4th 1799, he volunteered with
the three lieutenants, to lead the forlorn
hope at the storming of this famous citadel. He
then three officers fell; so he had the more to do.
with a bullet in his arm, he ran about
climbing from up them they would not lead up to it.
amongst his men, he was the last to be
run down - when he had been met
them into the breach; a second ball smashed
two of his fingers; but he could not think of
his wounds until his men had forced an
breach. Then he fell from loss of blood.
I was picked up by one of his men, & carried
to the camp. W
When his fighting days were over,
Alexander Lawrence was still a good man, with
broken health & shattered frame & opinion.
hardly enough

enough to "pay his doctors?" But poor as he
was, he managed to bring up five men
for the service of India, & all the names
that shine like stars ^{out of} ~~in~~ the dark history, &
not one sheds a purer lustre than that of Samson.
The old soldier unswayed to the honours & reward
for himself, but his sons have covered his
name with glory.

The early name of
this spot, Attitash Brook was, like ^{Lagodon}
Colon Lawrence himself, a native of the
^{province} northern Ireland. The people of Attitash are a
long-headed,
careful, cautious folk, like the Scots from
whom they are in part descended; while at
the same time they have ^{often} the "gift of the gab,"
of the readiness of the Irish character.

Mr. Lawrence was the daughter of a clergyman of Donegal, & was descended from the famous Scotch reformer whose name she bore; & it was, that, to the good sense & thrifty-habits of the countrywomen, she added the God-fearing & dutiful character which appeared again in her sons.

She was a good, careful mother. She brought up
her twelve children to respect themselves
and their duty in the sight of God. Her
task was not an easy one, for the young Lawrence
was full of ^{metal} ~~character~~ & was not to be dealt with
like the good quiet children who grow up into
the easy-going men & women. ~~who make up~~
~~the mass in the world.~~ Besides, money was scarce
every penny was spent with care, just as in their
home but the sons learned to endure hardship ^{make themselves easy.} ~~without~~

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now, a Great Spirit is in the path of the Spirit
 given - unshipped under many names -
 many images: Has ^{that} not the Southern
 religion kept the the world's power passed
 from Kadoma the Great of the things, & that the
 purged soul's relation to him against some
 why some reverence their fathers? Harris
 is but in the Southern States an agent of
 power - he would be a black sheep - his
 children & his children's children & their sons
 daughters? Why don't the strong young men
 rise up, ^{to} smile the aged patriarchs who the power
 on their own shoulders! Because deep in
 the hearts of men it is written that a great
 Father rules ^{all} us all & that for this sake every
 Father must be held in reverence.

His is the expectation of the heart, but only to
 the Christian is it fulfilled. In the fulness of
 time our Father sent a messenger to his sons &
 daughters, sent it by the Son of the Love, in
 with him in the ever blessed Trinity. He has
 sent forth the Son, made of woman, made under the
 law. 'Why?' 'That we might receive the adoption of
 Son's.' And, 'Because ye are sons, He sent the
 Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Father, Father.'
 The nations had been yearning after God as
 a Father for the mother, & now they are brought by a
 great sign that they are indeed the children of
 God. Christ, who is equal with the Father
 dwells in this true & fleshly Son in debt to
 take upon him our poor human nature, & so on
 part of the great work to which we have come of
 God should not remain call upon their Father.
 He came in a saving manner. But, not that he

There is not a more historically interesting city
in India than Delhi, nor one more important on
account of its position